**i don't need a(nother) man to make me happy (one is good enough)**

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# i don't need a(nother) man to make me happy (one is good enough)

by Zayrastriel

Summary

Will is propositioned by a student alpha, and responds appropriately. Hannibal is aroused.

Series summary: Will Graham has no time for social constructs, no matter how grounded in biology they are. Hannibal approves, disapproves, and is occasionally exactly the same. (A set of unlinked oneshots.)

“I’ll take good care of you, Mr. Graham,” the student growls (whispers? Murmurs? Will really isn’t sure) as he crowds Will into the lectern, hands caging the lecturer in.

The scent of an alpha on the verge of rut assaults Will’s nostrils like a battering ram from a medieval fantasy novel. It’s rather disgusting, as is the sensation of a hot hard erection pressing against Will’s thigh.

It’s a new semester, so Will isn’t exactly surprised. He had hoped, however, that word might have gotten around. Either that, or that this batch might have had an iota of sense between them.

Clearly not.

“Go home, Mr. Summers,” Will says calmly, gaze fixed on an abandoned pen beyond the student’s shoulder. “Before you do something you regret.”

It’s a nice pen; likely a graduation or birthday present, a far cry from Will’s hundred-pack ballpoints that he uses and loses with a turnover rate that shocks even him. He’ll pick it up before he leaves the lecture theatre, and makes a mental note to remember to display it in the tutorial groups tomorrow.

A hand cups Will’s cheek, warm and sweaty. He keeps his expression carefully still, but can’t keep from sighing internally.

“Don’t pretend you aren’t interested, *sir*,” Summers rasps. Will doesn’t need to look into the student’s eyes to know that the young alpha thinks he’s being seductive and alluring. Really, he sounds like he has a sore throat.

Grasping the hand on his face, Will pushes it away. “I’m really not,” he says bluntly, “as I said during the first lecture of this semester.”

Summers smirks. It’s a classic frat-boy expression. “Wasn’t really paying attention during that,” the student…hisses? Will is really running out of synonyms at this point. “Was a little…distracted.”

Will frowns. “Really?” he asks, and despite himself can’t help the annoyance that seeps into his tone. “The most popular class in the academy with the most competitive entry, and you were too busy thinking about rutting? Really?”

“Uh…” For the first time, Will senses a hint of uncertainty at the alpha’s tone. “I was paying attention, I mean, uh…”

It’s probably a stupid thing to be annoyed about, especially considering that Summers has been harassing him for the past ten minutes. But stupid or not, Will is suddenly impatient to get this over with.

So Will pivots in his student’s grip, hooks a leg around his knees, and snakes an arm around his waist in the same motion. Yanks with the leg, bars with the arm, and plants his free hand

squarely on the boy's chest.

Two seconds and a firm shove later, Summers is blinking owlishly up at Will from the floor, fear in his gaze. It is just a little bit gratifying.

"Lecture recordings are uploaded an hour after the end of the session, and stay up for the whole semester," Will says mildly. "I'd suggest taking a look."

He turns around and resumes packing to give the student some dignity in his retreat. Nevertheless, he can't help the small smile that curves his lips when frantic footsteps and the sound of a slammed door reach his ears.

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Will is still packing up his lecture notes when he hears the door open for a second time. No slam though, and that in and of itself tells Will who is watching him from the entrance to the lecture hall.

(That, and the familiar scent wafting his way, mild but unmistakable.)

"Impatient much, Dr. Lecter?"

The low answering chuckle tickles his ears, though the other man is most likely still standing by the door – or perhaps leaning against the wall. "I was waiting for longer than I am accustomed to. I was…concerned."

Will snorts. "Bullshit," he scoffs, and then curses again when the scrambled notes fail to fit properly into their folder. "You're never concerned."

"Curious," Hannibal concedes, unabashed. "Would you like some help with your papers, Will?"

For a moment, Will thinks about telling him to fuck off. But the question is sincere, and perhaps a little tentative; tinged just slightly with something else. "Alright," he says, and turns to face Hannibal as the psychiatrist moves away from the – yep, wall – towards him.

Hannibal reaches out his hands for the folder, which Will gives over with no small amount of secret relief. "May I?" Hannibal asks quietly, and Will nods.

The alpha radiates just a little of his own relief as he leans forward to kiss Will chastely, slightly dry lips cool against Will's chapped skin. "Thank you for not throwing *me* to the floor," Hannibal adds, the smile in his voice mirrored in the crinkle around his eyes. He steps away, and begins sorting through the scrambled papers on the lectern as Will watches.

"Don't pretend you wouldn't like me to," Will retorts, but he can't bring himself to inject much heat into the words.

Not when the scent of Hannibal's arousal spikes, just slightly. "I am the alpha," the psychiatrist points out.

It's a hackneyed phrase; one that used to plague Will, whenever he tried to verbalise his desires to his ex-partners (few and far between.)

Hannibal is the only person who can say it without raising Will's hackles, because they both know what he really means by it.

*I'm the alpha. And yet…*

In a swift movement, Hannibal's cheek is pinned to the top of the lectern by the weight of Will's hand in his hair. The other arm wraps around the alpha, fingers splayed wide to hold him still against Will's chest.

Hannibal's struggle is half-hearted. They both know how this plays out – how they want it to play out.

"Did it turn you on?" Will breathes into Hannibal's ear, running his fingers through soft brown strands of hair. "Watching me take down that alpha like he was nothing?" When Hannibal doesn't immediately respond, Will tightens his grip. Not too hard; just enough to force a soft wince from the other man's lips.

"Perhaps a little." The words are a little muffled, and somewhat breathy, but still articulated with admirable precision.

Will laughs softly. "Liar," he accuses, a bit fondly. Even before he lowers his hand to graze the psychiatrist's crotch, he can almost *taste* Hannibal's desire. "Seems like much more than a 'little'."

"Crude."

"Definitely." There's something about Hannibal's mild outrage at Will's humour – though never at being pinned down and manhandled by an omega – that both amuses and arouses Will. "Crude and rough. Just the way you like it, *Dr. Lecter*."

By now, he's freed Hannibal's swelling cock, heavy and hot in Will's hand. "I love how big you are," Will says, voice matter-of-fact. "I love that you go to work in your expensive suits, and intimidate Jack Crawford, and hold your fancy dinner parties with women who would love for you to hold them down and *mate* with them."

As Will talks about mating, he pulls Hannibal's head around with controlled viciousness for a kiss.

This one isn't chaste. It's the opposite; teeth and tongue and saliva, possessive and claiming. Hannibal yields with an eagerness that will never fail to make Will hard.

"And I love," Will continues when he finally releases Hannibal's mouth, "that after all of that, you'll drive all the way to mine and *beg* me to fuck this cock of yours."

With one final stroke of Hannibal's cock, Will steps back abruptly. "Let's go home," he commands, eyeing the psychiatrist – panting and flushed, hair a mess and cock flush against

the expensive suit jacket – with no small amount of satisfaction.  “Let’s go home, and I’ll give you what you want.”

“You always give me what I want,” Hannibal says breathlessly, eyes alive with laughter and affection.

Will shrugs.  “I *am* the omega.”

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